

# THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.

## HELIO TROPE

Read This Story Here, Then  
Watch for It in Motion Pictures

Dramatic Film Story of Adventure,  
Self-Sacrifice and Love

Follow the Story on This Page Day by Day, Then Watch  
for It in Motion Pictures.

"Heliotrope," from the story by  
Richard Washburn Child, is a  
Columbia production re-  
production of a Paramount  
silent picture.

Directed by George D. Baker.  
Screen Version Novelized  
By Jane McLean.

W HATEVER reply the unfor-  
tunate father might have  
made was forestalled by  
the arrival of Jimmie with the mis-  
placed wedding ring. Heliotrope  
Harry bowed to Alice and sauntered  
away, prey to a bursting heart and  
an inward tumult new in his life of  
pleasure and self-indulgence. Sink-  
ing down on a secluded bench he  
raised tearful eyes to heaven and  
thanked God for the few moments  
of real happiness he had ever  
known.

To Alice he was a mere incident  
in the day's happenings; a kindly  
stranger who had made himself her  
cavalier for a passing moment. She  
did not even think enough about the  
incident to tell Jimmie. Nor did she  
feel drawn by any subtle feeling of  
relationship. The man who was  
giving thanks for his moment of re-  
ward knew this only too well. In  
vain he had hoped that she might  
show some unconscious indication  
that blood was answering the call  
of blood. Heliotrope Harry reflect-  
ed later that perhaps it was better  
so; at least her utter indifference  
left him free.

And he had fooled Joe Hasdock  
for the present. Out of the address  
that pervaded him on leaving  
Alice he began to find a glimmer  
of satisfaction in the dismay of his  
ex-wife and her rapid flight from  
the tell-tale perfume associated  
with his own personality.

Joe's sudden departure had been  
hastened verily by a wholesome  
fear. To find the hated odor of his  
chocolates was fit omen enough,  
but to have it thrust upon her in  
the midst of a conversation in a  
secluded spot in the park showed  
that an enemy was tracking her.

She wondered if it could be true  
that this ex-husband of hers, whose  
hatred she had so well earned, had  
escaped. The mere thought caused  
her a shudder. She did not stop till  
she had locked herself in her room.  
Staggering to a chair, she sat down  
to try to think more clearly. She  
must find out whether her ex-hus-  
band was still in prison. That  
ought to be an easy task. In the  
seclusion of her room she began to  
regain some of her poise.

Rising, she moved to the dressing  
table to remove her hat, but as her  
eyes caught the mirror it was held  
by a piece of paper fastened with  
several stickers to the glass. Her  
hands remained as though palsied  
as she read the astounding news  
that Heliotrope Harry was now a  
free man.

Identically the clipping had been  
taken from a newspaper. Its head-  
lines were clear enough:

Hasdock Is Free.

Governor Mercer Extends Clemency  
To Heliotrope Harry.

Fine Prison Record Wins Pardon.  
Trembling, she read the news  
item as far as it went, showing  
that fresh evidence in the case had  
been responsible for the action. De-  
vouring the article, she almost fell  
into a chair, beating her temples  
with her hands and seeming to see  
in a moment the collapse of all her  
plans.

Plainly Heliotrope Harry was in  
the hotel; it was he who had thrust  
the note under the door; it was he  
who had sprinkled the telltale per-  
fume on the chocolate; and it was  
he who had sprayed the air near  
the park bench with that same  
warning perfume she had learned to  
fear as a harbinger of evil.

To remain within reach of his  
arm would be nothing less than  
suicide. For Joe Hasdock had no  
illusion as to her ex-husband's will-  
ingness and ability to do her harm.  
She had seen him in action and she  
knew her life would not stand a  
moment between him and the girl if  
he found it necessary to put her out  
of the way.

The answer was plain: it was her  
cue to get away and remain away;  
to bide her time as secretly as pos-  
sible and when the psychological  
moment came to present her claims,  
realize what she could, and with  
the proceeds start life anew under  
an assumed name.

Not for a moment did she forego  
the hope of blackmailing the An-  
drews family. All her life she had  
lived in ease; now she was getting  
to an age where her youthful good  
looks were largely gone, and with  
them the possibility of securing  
such small stage parts as she had  
formerly played.

The marriage of Alice Hale was  
to be to her a fabled fountain of  
gold, a stream from which she  
would fill her pocketbook on de-  
mand.

That evening she paid her bill,  
and checking her trunk to the  
Grand Central moved out of the  
hotel, leaving no address. Later an  
expressman removed the trunk to  
a smaller and less expensive hotel,  
where she hoped to remain till the  
Andrews family returned to the  
South, when she would follow, pre-  
pared to execute her happiness-de-  
stroying purpose.

She called on Mr. Simon, and with  
a bravado that fooled the expectant  
money lender assured him she was  
on the trail of the quarry and that  
in a few weeks she would be ready  
to spring the trap.

Mr. Simon, with admiration for  
her ability and also with regard to  
his own investment, was still anx-  
ious to hear more of her plans. She  
laughed at him.

"When the returns come in, Moe,  
will be time enough—that's all the  
information you want."

"Give me the dollars, and I don't  
care who gets the information," he  
said gravely, "only I want to be  
sure of the money."

"Nothing can stop me, Moe," she  
replied, with a new-born confidence.  
"It's all marked on the cards, and  
easy—so easy."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

### "Just Like the Rose"

A Delightful Song That Is Charming  
Music Lovers from Coast to Coast

By NELL BRINKLEY  
Drawn by  
Copyright, 1920, International Feature Service, Inc.



"Just like the rose of beauty rare  
Your heart to me a wealth of love discloses.  
Each leaf a thought, each bud a prayer,  
Each day to hope, to live and grow more fair.  
Just made to love, just made to care,  
To go to rest just as the long day closes,  
And when the sun peeps in the sky, dear,  
To wake and bloom again—just like the rose."

—A new song by the authors of "Hawaiian Lullaby." "Roses" and "girls" are kindred words—"buddy-words"—two words that nod to each other across the busy turmoil of a chap's mind—signaling one calling up the image of the other. We say of such and so a slim, tall girl with a warm, tender color under her blue eyes, "she's like a big pink rose on a tall stem." The yellow and pink, "Gold of Ophir," a delicate wonder of folded petals glowing over fences and doorways and thatching roofs in the far West, is the nonchance head of a golden girl.

When we say "rose," we think—girl! When we search for a like-  
ness of a "girl," we're telling about, we think—rose; as if it had

never been heard in the world before. Out of the hurrying life that flows by us on the hastening streets, how many times a glowing face looks out for an instant—a pink rose—and is gone. Over country fences in the wilderness, shy, rosy faces look out—and you think of the half-wild Cherokee rose with its golden heart and its delicate, wild fragrance. On the roof garden in the big town, out of the wheeling, stepping, circling files of lovely girls, golden roses look out and pass—golden and white, and crimson, and pink, and tawny-rose.

No wonder the chap in the song sings to the girl he adores and calls her a "rose"—for fellows in love do that little thing.—NELL BRINKLEY.

### The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With  
MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The smile on Helen's lips was a little fixed, perhaps, but it was generous and sweet and untroubled. A man sat at her elbow whom she could care for. A girl sat on the other side who was another man's wife, and who was already in love with this man. But the deep anxiety in Helen's heart was not visible in her smile.

"What about that very tragic pair in my room?" she asked at last. "Shall we clear out and give them the whole place to settle in? It's getting worse than a problem play."

She looked up; Oswald Griemer stood on the threshold of the open door.

"Come in!" she said gaily. "I'll give you tea in a few minutes." Griemer came forward, saluted her with easy grace, greeted Stephanie with that amiable ceremony which discards all formality, turned to Cleland with that watchful cordiality which never seemed entirely content.

"Oswald," said Helen, "there's a problem play being staged in my bedroom."

"Marie Clif and Harry Belter," explained Stephanie in a low voice. Griemer was visibly astonished.

"That's amusing," he said pleasantly.

"Isn't it?" said Helen. "I don't know whether I'm pleased. She's such a little brick! And Harry has lived as he pleased. . . . Oh, Lord! Men are queer. People stare at a problem play, but every time they are cast for some typical problem play part. And sooner or later, well or badly, they play it."

"Critics talk rot; why expect more of the public?" inquired Griemer. "And isn't it funny what a way they make about sex? After all, that's what the world is composed of, two sexes, with a landscape of marine background. What else is there to write about, Cleland?"

"The latter laughs."

"It merely remains a matter of good taste. You sculptors have more latitude than painters; painters more than writers. Pathology should be used sparingly in fiction—all sciences, in fact. Like a clove of garlic applied to a salad bowl, a touch of science is sufficient to flavor art; more than that makes it rank. Better cut out the art altogether if the science makes you, and be the author of 'works' instead of mere books."

Stephanie, watching Cleland while he was speaking, nodded:

"Yes," she said, "one could write

fiction about a hospital nurse, but not about nursing. It wouldn't have any value."

Griemer said: "You're really limited in the world. We have land and water, sun and moon and stars, two sexes, love and hate to deal with. Every-thing else is merely a modification of these elemental fixtures. . . . It becomes tiresome sometimes."

"Oswald! Don't talk like a silly pessimist," said Stephanie sharply. He laughed in his easy, attractive way and sat gently swinging one long leg, which was crossed over the other.

He said:

PEOPLE BECOME PESSIMISTS. "There is in every living and articulated thing a nerve which, if destroyed, destroys for its possessor all hope of interest in life. People become pessimists to that extent."

"But, where all the nerves converge to form the vital ganglion, a stroke there means extermination."

"Apropos of what the late dissection wished upon us," asked Stephanie with an uneasy smile.

"Did you ever see a paralyzed spider, Stephanie?—alive, breathing, destined to live a few weeks, perhaps, and anyway the waste of eggs under it hatches and becomes a larva to devour it?"

"Well, the old wasp required fresh meat for its young, so, with her sting she annihilated the nerve controlling motion, laid her eggs certain that her progeny would find perfectly fresh food when born. But if she had thrust that sting or her sting was cast for some typical problem play part. And sooner or later, well or badly, they play it."

"He laughed."

"So I say it's better to get the stroke of Fate in the neck than to get it in any particular area and live for a while a paralyzed victim for some creature ultimately to eat alive."

There was a silence. Helen broke it with pleasant decision:

"This is not an appetizing conversation. If anybody wishes any tea is ready."

There was enough daylight left in the studio so the lamps remained unlighted.

"Do you suppose we ought to go out somewhere?" asked Stephanie, "and leave the place to those two poor things in there? You know they may be too unhappy or too embarrassed to come out and run the gauntlet."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### When Hearts Are Trumps

A Serial Story

FULL OF ROMANCE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Author of World-wide Reputation  
and Writer of Popular Novels

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Barbara who appeared below-stairs that evening, dressed for the birthday party, looked like a different girl from the merry creature of the afternoon insisting that Daisy Greenwood and Arthur Paige admit that "people were so good" to her.

Arthur, noting how subdued she was, almost regretted the remark of Daisy's that had started in his niece's mind a trend of thought that had dampened her spirits.

Then remembering that this change had come from his own suspicions that she was not happy in her engagement, he was glad that Daisy had said just what she did. The experiences of the evening must end a situation that he felt could not endure much longer unless Barbara's life were to be spoiled.

Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies. His little girl's unhappiness seemed to Arthur Paige to be a very desperate disease. Therefore he did not shrink from the scheme he had laid out—though it hurt him to hurt the child.

In mid-Victorian novels the heroine swooned when she saw unexpectedly the man she loves. The modern girl does not swoon. Barbara did not. But Daisy—also taking part in the Virginia reel—and Arthur Paige—watching the child he loved—saw her sudden change of color, her eyes wide into an incredulous stare, then saw her turn to the man next to her with some trifling speech and with an unnecessarily gay laugh.

That was all. But John Brandon was watching too, and seeing, he understood.

Cynthia Paige swallowed back the exclamation of dismay that sprang to her lips. For an instant she hesitated; then, with a tremendous effort at self-control, stepped forward and greeted the new arrival.

"Why, Mr. Elliot, good evening! This is an unexpected pleasure!"

Her brother was at her side before Robert could reply.

"Not unexpected to me," he announced. "I was so glad to receive your acceptance, my dear boy, I

did not tell anyone you were coming. I wanted the happy surprise to be complete."

The young man's hand seized that of his host with a grip that was like steel.

"Thank you, sir! You are very kind."

Then, as the Virginia reel ended, and the young people pressed forward to welcome Bob back to his old home, Arthur Paige dropped a word into his guest's ear.

"When you get a chance, let me have a word with you. I shall be here near the doorway."

He was relieved to see that, with the arrival of her guests, Barbara's listlessness disappeared. As she welcomed her friend, her color deepened and the light returned to her eyes. She always glowed and dimpled under the influence of love, and the affection of those who came to wish her many happy birthdays warmed her heart.

Robert was late in arriving—so late that Arthur Paige and Daisy Greenwood found themselves actually nervous. It was well the pair had not told Barbara that Robert was in Summerfield. If they felt the strain of the situation, what would it have meant to her?

They said as much in a low tone to each other after the dancing had begun. Some one had suggested an old-fashioned Virginia reel—just to stir things up.

"Given I can dance this, I think," John Brandon told Barbara. "Will you daboe it with me?"

The idea flashed into the girl's mind that the person who had suggested the old-time dance had considered the possibility of her mid-aged lover's ability to like part in it.

"Thank you John," she said, placing her hand in his.

She had been giving to other men such dances as were quite beyond her lover's power of achievement. She was very sorry for him.

Yet she was laughing and exchanging some pleasant words with John when Robert Elliot appeared in the door of the drawing room.

A DIFFICULT ROLE.

Barbara, in her role as "hostess," must be one of the first to speak to the newcomer. She did not hesi-

ward accompanied by John Brandon. "How very nice it is of you to come to Summerfield in time for my birthday party, Bob!"

The hand she gave him was as cold as ice. It rested in his only for an instant before she added: "Of course you remember Robert Elliot, John?"

"Yes, indeed!" John's response was hearty. "I am glad to see you up here in your old home again."

"Some sport!" was Arthur's mental ejaculation, as he heard this. "But Bob is as good as one."

The musicians started the music for the next dance—a waltz that was a favorite of Barbara's. She had promised it to Tom White.

"May I have this dance?" Bob asked her impulsively. Then, as Tom appeared, he added hastily: "I beg your pardon, Tom! I did not know you had pre-empted it. I resign." With a nod, and backing away.

"No, you do not!" Tom exclaimed. "Bob will give me the next waltz—won't you, Bob? I'm so glad to see dear old Bob that I resign this dance to him—and I could not give him stronger proof of my friendship."

"Do you mind?" Robert asked quickly of the girl who stood, uncertain, between the two men.

She shook her head in silence. A moment later, she was gliding over the floor, with Bob Elliot's arm about her, her hand resting on his shoulder.

(To be continued.)

The Chinese Sacred Lily.

One of the most successful bulbs for house culture is the Chinese sacred lily, a variety of the narcissus which is imported from China. Place in a dish about three inches deep, put in one and a half inches of sand, and cover with one inch of gravel, white pebbles, or broken marble. On this set the bulb, and keep the dish full of tepid water with a few pebbles over the bulb to prevent them from floating. Place them in a sunny window and they will bloom perfectly. The flowers are white, with a yellow tinted cup, the stems having a tinge with from three to seven blooms. The Chinese cut way the hard skin on the top of the bulb, which seems to facilitate the growth, but in cutting one must be careful to cut only one-eighth of an inch in depth or the leaf growth will be injured.

Certainly Modest.

Arthur.—The woman I marry must know at least as much as I do. Helen.—You are certainly modest in your requirements.

"Good evening!" hurrying for-

### Is Marriage a Success?

SHOULD PROTECT MARRIAGE CONTRACT BY LAW.

Would our country be a success if there were not laws to punish the law-breakers. If a man could murder, steal or break the law in any way, and get off without punishment?

I think our marriages should be protected by law as much as any other contract, for it is, I'm sure, as important as any contract we make.

FOUR GREAT FACTORS IN HAPPY MARRIED LIFE.

There are four vital factors in a successful marriage, and when any of the four are neglected marriage ends on the scrap heap of the divorce court.

The first and most important of these is an undying and self-sacrificing love.

Since love is of the mind and soul, the mind and soul must be clean, pure, and ready to weigh every issue of life in unprejudiced, tolerant scales. Then, and only then, will one have an endless love.

Such a love includes the second and third of these principles, fidelity and mutual understanding.

Too often marriage is a failure because one of the parties concerned is unfaithful and does not try to understand the other, or perhaps both are unfaithful and neither tries to understand the other. There are innumerable little peculiarities of the other and to consider them when judging the faults. No less must each be willing to sacrifice all for the other and the welfare of those "back of beyond," willing to keep more faith than the marriage vow calls for; for, after all, the marriage vow is only a collection of words which are never taken seriously by the world of today.

Each must be faithful to the other more than to public opinion. This old club, "Public Opinion," has used the world too long, anyway, and the world learns to disregard it and to live its life in its own way—so much the better for the world and marriage.

Another and the last factor is tolerance. There are too many lives that would be happily held apart by the barrier of religion. Religion was never meant to keep one heart from the other, and if it is interpreted that way today it is not a religion of the gods, but a creed of man—a home-made article—and

should be ostracized. A religion that does not unite the world in a great brotherhood for success, love and happiness, here as well as after death, should have no part in the lives of people of today or any other day. Write the whole world into one immense family of brothers regardless of caste, creed or color, and the divorce courts, unhappiness, wrecked lives and strife will soon be only a memory; but keep the present system and as long as there are worlds for people to inhabit there will be war, divorces, unhappiness, and marriage will be marriage in name only, the making of two beasts for the time necessary to begin a new generation who will at the expiration of that time separate to unite with other, newer and younger mates the next season.

C. F. R.

WANTS TO HELP H. M. W. I HAD SAME EXPERIENCE.

I have just read the letter written by H. M. W. and sympathize so much with her, because I, too, was almost forced to obtain a divorce from my husband because of drink.

If H. M. W. cares to send you her address, I should like to meet her. The meeting might prove interesting and helpful to both of us; if not, there would be no harm done, at least.

I was granted an absolute divorce three and a half years ago, and since that time taken care of myself and daughter, now ten years of age. Like H. M. W., I was married young, but fortunately, I have not had a second experience.

Can you help me "get acquainted" with H. M. W.? If so, please do.

R. R.

PERFECT SUCCESS, SAYS WORKING MAN.

May I as a plain working man say that from my observation and experience marriage is preeminently and unequivocally a perfect success, and it is the only condition growing out of our very complex existence that has succeeded, always has and always will as long as love divine is the guiding star; but there must be this love undying backed up by faith, trust, confidence, great consideration, and for-

bearance. The married state is not all honeymoon or moonshine for life is real and this is the most real thing in life. It's a serious thing and a great struggle, but when entered into by a man and woman with the full knowledge of its purpose and intent with the ingredients mentioned above, and some real good horse sense, it is bound to bring joy, prosperity, and supreme happiness, and is the only safe and sane condition for man, and is the supreme desire and crowning glory of every sensible woman.

W. H. H.

### BOOKS

LUCK ON THE WING. By Elmer Haslett. Major, U. S. Air Service. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The work of a successful aerial observation officer in the great war is described in this book with an ease of narration that makes it read like fiction and with such a delicious vein of humor pervading the whole that its reading is a veritable delight. Major Haslett is a typical young American who went into the war as a lieutenant of infantry, but not being satisfied with the progress which he made to the theater of action, volunteered to the dangerous post of airplane observer.

His penchant for volunteering again made itself manifest in France, and time and again he undertook some of the most dangerous and important missions on the front, for which he received the Distinguished Service Cross, Croix de Guerre Francaise, and two special citations by General Pershing for conspicuous bravery and exceptionally meritorious service. His luck in escaping from particularly "tight" places seems to demonstrate that he led a charmed existence.

This was manifest even when surrounded by German snipers and his blazing plane dashed to the ground, for he escaped uninjured with his partner and managed to put up a stiff battle before surrendering to his German captors. His experiences in prison camp, where his quick wit many times served him in good stead, are particularly amusing. Returning to France after his release, following the armistice, he found a majority awaiting him, proving that "Lady Luck" was still on his side.

And Major Haslett relates all his daring and dangerous adventures with such becoming modesty that it depends entirely on the perception of the reader to realize how heroic his conduct was throughout his period of service.